



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Monks serving God there, in free, pure, and perpetual alms, the under-written lands, as fully and freely as Domuall O'Brien, King of Lymberick, gave and granted, and by this charter confirmed to the Cistercian Monks of the Holy Cross; to wit: Kelkaterlamunu, Ballydubal, Ballyidugin, Ballygirry, Ballymyoletobin, and Ballytheloth, Gardath, Ballaschelagh, Ballythougal et Ithologin. These lands I have given for the salvation of my soul, and those of my predecessors and successors, and for the souls of my soldiers who lie there, to enjoy peaceably, with all liberties and free customs, without any secular exactions in fields, ways, forests, fisheries, &c. I have also granted that they shall be free from all mulcts in my courts, for what cause soever they shall be amerced, and also free of all toll whatever; they shall sell or buy, for their own use, throughout my land of Normandy, England, Wales, and Ireland; and that their lands be not put in plevine.—Witnesses, a Bishop of Ferns; John de Courcy, de Angulo, Riddel, Chancellor, and David of Wales.”

It appears also that in 1233 the above charter of King John was confirmed by King Henry III, who took this monastery into his protection, which protection he again renewed in 1234; and that it was again confirmed by King Richard II, in 1395, and that in 1414, James Earl of Ormond, and the Lord Deputy Thomas le Botillier or Butler, prior of St John of Jerusalem, further granted the protection of the crown to this house.

Thus protected and fostered by royalty, the Abbey of the Holy Cross became one of the most magnificent and wealthy in the kingdom, and its mitred abbot was styled Earl of Holy Cross, the lands belonging to the abbey constituting an earldom. He was also a baron of parliament, and usually vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland. The abbey was originally a daughter of the Abbey of Maig, or Monaster-Neuagh, in the county of Limerick, and was subjected to that of Furnes in Lancashire by the Abbot of Clarevaux, in a general chapter of the order in 1249. After the dissolution of the monasteries in Ireland, Holy Cross Abbey with its appurtenances was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1563 to Gerald Earl of Ormond, *in capite*, at the annual rent of £15, 10s. 4d.; and we believe this constitutes at present the estate, by purchase, of a worthy and deeply learned fellow of Trinity College, namely, Dr Wall.

As a monastic ruin, the Abbey of Holy Cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland. But though many of its architectural features are of remarkable beauty, it is perhaps as a whole scarcely deserving of so high a character; and its effect upon the mind is greatly diminished by the cabins and other objects of a mean character by which it is nearly surrounded. Like most monastic structures of considerable importance, its general form is that of a cross, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with a lofty square belfry at the intersection of the cross: but it is distinguished from other structures of the kind in having in both of its transepts two distinct chapels beautifully groined—a feature which imparts much interest and picturesqueness to the general effect. Between two of these chapels and the south transept there is a double row of three pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars, each distant about two feet four inches from the other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The object of this singular feature has given rise to much conjecture, but the more rational opinion seems to be, that it was designed as a resting place for the dead bodies of the monks and other persons previous to interment in the abbey, or its cemetery. In addition to this, the interior of the church has another very unique and remarkable feature, namely, that the choir arch is not placed as usual beneath the tower, but thirty feet in advance of it, thus making the choir of greater length by fourteen feet than the nave, which is but fifty-eight feet long, the entire length of the church being one hundred and thirty feet. This peculiarity appears, however, to be an after-thought, and not the design of the original architect, which was evidently to limit, as usual, the length of the choir to the arch in front of the tower, and the second arch is unquestionably of more modern construction. The steeple rests on four beautifully groined arches, the supporters of which are connected in the centre by a great variety of ogives passing diagonally from their angles; and the roof of the choir, as well as those of the side chapels, is similarly enriched. The nave appears to have been of meaner architecture, and has lost its roof; but it has aisles formed by four pointed arches on each side, and which lead into the transepts. Of the windows in

this church we may observe generally, that they are of very elegant taste of design.

Thus much of the abbey church itself; but of the ruins of the cloisters, which are of meaner architecture, and of all the other edifices appertaining to a monastic establishment of this grandeur, though in a tolerable state of preservation, it would be tedious to the general reader to give a detailed account, nor would our present space permit it. Neither can we describe what is of higher interest, the magnificent monumental remains for which this abbey is so eminently distinguished. But we shall return to the subject in a future number, and in the mean time we shall only add, that this abbey is well worthy the attention of the antiquary and architectural student, and that to the pleasure tourist of cultivated tastes it is of the most delightful interest.

P.

THE ITALIAN ORGAN BOY.

CONCLUSION.

CARLO having recovered himself, proceeded as follows:—

“In the thus light-hearted and un murmuring though tedious and toilsome accumulation of the fund that was to purchase station and happiness for Bianca, the first of the three years sped prosperously past. Francesco—for old Marcolini, confiding in the integrity and industry of my father to fulfil the conditional arrangement, laid no restraint upon him—was our almost daily visitor, and not rarely a cheerful assistant in the lighter labours of our garden, in tending our rich parterres, our fig-trees, and our vines. One serious drawback on our happiness—the first flush of devotion to Bianca over—we soon experienced. Ludovico, though at times he worked harder and longer than the rest, and rejected the occasional cheap indulgences my father permitted, had unfortunately been so entangled with his lawless and loose-living companions, that after a while he was again seduced by them into scenes of profligate amusement and disgraceful licence. It mischanced that near the close of the year, the very day before the great fair of Telese, to which we had long looked forward as likely to swell our savings much, our father met with an accident which disabled him from going to it. The cart, laden with our richest and choicest garden produce, my mother's eggs and poultry, and Bianca's contribution of nose-gays, needlework, and straw plaits, was in his unfitness necessarily entrusted to the charge of Ludovico. At the fair he unfortunately fell in with some of his low-principled associates, who seduced him into a gambling booth, where soon, infected with the excitement of play, he hazarded a small sum, which by an evil chance was returned to him threefold. Inflamed by the easy acquisition, he thought with rapture how much readier a way this was for a lucky fellow, as he appeared to be, to make his money, than by the slow and dull and difficult returns of labour, and almost anticipated his returning home that night with Bianca's fortune in his pocket, and an immediate abridgement, in consequence, of the weary postponement of her wedding. He risked a higher sum with success, another with disappointment, and so on with varying fortune, till a friendly neighbour, who had heard where he was, came in and forced him with difficulty from the fatal fascination. He had been at the table but a short time, and had lost but little, which, to escape detection, he replaced by a loan; but he was inspired with a passion for play, which, whenever an occasion was afforded, he eagerly indulged. But notwithstanding this, and the occasional losses and anxious evasions to which it exposed us, our efforts flourished, and our reserved earnings increased apace. Never before had we gathered such abundant returns from our garden and few fields, for never before had we tended them with half the care. Our sales were quick as our produce was luxuriant, and before half the allotted period had expired, Bianca's purse was by the half more valuable than we had ventured to expect. At this time my father was induced by my mother's influence and representations to try and bring the suspense and postponement of the nuptials to a close, by borrowing on security what would complete the stipulated sum, and engage old Marcolini's consent to an immediate union. This was accordingly done, the necessary sum furnished by a money-lender, Marcolini's approval obtained, a day fixed, our festive arrangements made, and all was light and merriment. But, alas and alas! a cruel blow was in wait to dash to pieces our fond and joyous schemes, just as they seemed to approach reality. One morning, as by sunrise my father was going to the

garden—it was to decorate a bridal arbour which we had constructed for the occasion—I heard from him, as he passed through the inner room, a cry of astonishment and dismay, and hurrying in, found him gazing in horror upon an open and, alas, empty box—it was the one in which Bianca's long hoarded dower had been kept! All was gone—the hardly gathered earnings, the borrowed money, and with it all our mirthful plans and sparkling expectations; and, though a grave, strong-minded man, he was for the time quite crushed and broken by the shock. 'Carlo,' said he, 'we are ruined, utterly undone. Villains have plundered us: your sister's heart will be broken, and there is nothing left for us but despair. These weakened limbs could not go through such another term of trial in the face of such misfortune. It will be well if they last long enough to earn what will meet the demands of Bartolo the broker. Your brother, to whom we might also have looked for aid, is getting worse and worse in his evil ways: he has turned—that ever I should have to speak such words of son of mine!—yes, turned a worthless profligate and gamster. The God of Heaven grant,' continued he, turning ghastly pale, and staggering against the wall as his eye fell upon a well-known knife, that, with its blade broken, lay upon the floor, 'that it be not even worse. Carlo, look on that, and tell me, O tell me, that you know it not!' With horror I recognized my unhappy brother's knife; and a fragment of the steel fixed in the box showed too plainly in what base work it had been employed. I was struck speechless at the sight; but in defiance of all evidence, when I thought of my warm-hearted generous brother, I burned with anger at myself for my momentary misgiving, and almost fiercely chid my father for his dark suspicion. 'Carlo,' answered he gravely, 'you are yet childish and inexperienced, and know not the power of evil company, the blight of that accursed vice upon every principle of truth and honesty. Your brother, I have told you, is an abandoned gambler—consorts with all the dregs and refuse of the country, mocks at the entreaties of a mother, the warnings of a father, the honest, ay, till he bore it, the ever honest name of his family; and he who does all this, will, time and temptation pressing him, but feebly shrink from the basest act. But go,' added he with stern emphasis, 'call him. Though guilty, I will see him face to face before I lay my curse upon him.' With fear and trembling, for I knew how terrible my father's temper was when roused, I was obliged to confess that he had not spent the night at home; and his forehead grew still gloomier and more-wrinkled as he listened.

He said nothing, but fell upon a seat, folded his arms, and remained looking fixedly upon the ground in great and fearful agony of thought.

About half an hour afterwards, my heart leaped within me as I caught the sound of Ludovico's cautiously approaching steps—for on such occasions he strove to steal in unnoticed—and I rushed to the door. There indeed he was coming up the walk in front. But what a figure!—his eyes were blood-shot, his face haggard, his dress disordered, his gait uneven, and altogether he appeared still under the power of a deep overnight debauch. My father upon hearing rose to meet him, and at the sight of his agitated and afflicted features, Ludovico, overcome with dismay and confusion, only afforded confirmatory evidence of guilt. Without a word, my father beckoned with his hand to him, and walking into the room, pointed to the forced and vacant box, fixing his eyes sternly and accusingly upon my poor brother, who with fainting knees accompanied him. With constrained silence he then lifted up the broken knife from the floor, fitted it before Ludovico's eyes to the fragment remaining in the lid, and then turning up the haft, presented it to him. A cry of dismay and horror broke from his lips as he recognized his knife, and the terrible truth burst upon him.

'I am innocent, oh, my father, I am innocent,' he cried as he fell on his knees before him. But, alas, the action, in place of removing, was about to rivet the evidence of his guilt, for as he stooped, a key fell from his pocket—a false one for the door which led from the very room into the garden, which he had privately procured for the purpose of secret admission when belated in his revels. My father, without other reply, seized it, applied it to the door, and opened the lock. He then turned to him, as if every stay and doubt were banished, and with a voice in which pain and sorrow only aggravated passion, exclaimed, 'Wretched boy, I disown thee! Never shall villain, gambler, robber, liar, be called son of mine. Away, then, from my presence and my roof for ever! He

who could so basely forget every lesson of honesty he was taught from his childhood, who could plunder his poor sister of what we have painfully earned for her by the sweat of our brows, and doom her to hopelessness and life-long loneliness, to feed his own vile profligacy, would not scruple to dip his hand in blood, ay, in the blood of his household, for their inheritance. We are not safe with such a one. Away to your brigand comrades of the hills—lead the villain life you incline to—do what you will—but never cross this threshold again!' My mother and Bianca, roused by the noise, now hurried fearfully into the room, and a glance at Ludovico's horror-struck and supplicating posture, at the shattered box, and my father's inflamed and convulsed countenance, was enough without words to inform them of the revolting truth.

'My father's heart is hardened against me,' exclaimed Ludovico, 'and I wonder not. I have indeed been loose-lived and disobedient, but never base nor dishonest, and let me not be now condemned because these appearances are against me. I solemnly swear by—' My father fiercely checked him. 'Add not perjury to infamy—it needs not swearing—the matter can be put beyond a doubt, ay, even beyond your own audacious denial. Mark those footsteps in the soft soil before the door: that bed was left by me smooth and unruined yesternight—they are those of the villain thief; and, Ludovico, I cannot mistake the footprints of him who has wrought by my side since boyhood—wretched father that I am! they are yours. Deny it if you can.' Convinced in my own heart of his innocence, I sprang forward to apply the test, but soon recoiled in horror, as before the anxious eyes of all I proved the accurate correspondence of the marks—a shock which for a moment crushed my own faith in my brother's truth. What now availed my mother's entreaties, my sister's tears, Ludovico's continued passionate assertion of his innocence, to change the stern conviction of my father? He vehemently reiterated his sentence of banishment, and counselled him, if he would mitigate the keenness of remorse, to confess his crime and return its ill-gotten fruits. Ludovico, stung to the quick by his reproaches, and by the agonies of my mother and Bianca, felt resentment rise in his heart to strengthen him to support his fate, and indignantly rose to depart. 'Cease your prayers, my mother and my Bianca. Carlo, you will live, I feel, to see me righted, and my father, too, to repent his harshness to his son, and his distrust in one whom he has often detected in error, but never yet in ignominy. My sister, if my heart's blood could at this moment be coined into treasure to replace that which you have lost, and build again your shattered hopes, freely would I pour it out. But words are idle to make your heart what it was but an hour ago. I go—better any where than here—and if you hear of me again, it will be of one who has learned seriousness from suffering, and proved by acts his love and interest for you all.' As he finished speaking, he hurried from the door without further farewell, and, plunging among the thickly wooded slopes, was speedily lost to my passionate pursuit.

That evening, however, a boy left a billet from him to Bianca, in which he mentioned his intention of trying to turn his musical talent to account, by proceeding to England, where he was told that money was but lightly thought of, and purses were ever open, and where he might readily glean both what would support himself, and supply something towards enabling my father to meet Bartolo the usurer, and perhaps, too, old Marcolini, upon the day first fixed for her union with Francesco. He concluded by asking pardon from our offended confidence and affection for once more scornfully denying the odious charge—a denial which, amid our joint tears over the letter, we believed as firmly as the words of holy writ.

Why need I stay to mention all the gloom and grief which was now spread over our but lately so bright and hopeful household, for Ludovico, despite his thoughtless frowardness, had been the life and spring of all our movements.

My father's dark locks soon became streaked with grey, for his pride of honesty in an unblemished name was sorely abased: his heart was wounded and enfeebled; and when the fever of his first anger was past, he began to think at times that perhaps he had dealt too hardly and hastily with Ludovico. My mother often wept: my sister's cheek became wan and pale even with Francesco by her side: my own heart was faint and joyless: a cloud of spiritless sadness and depression settled over all, and every thing seemed to lament him who was far away among strangers, in loneliness and disgrace—him whose bold spirit, athletic form, and buoyant beauty, had,

notwithstanding his frailties, been the pride and glory, secret or avowed, of all.

But Providence is able and merciful to cleanse the character of the innocent and calumniated in the end, and after many weary months Ludovico's was cleared before all the village by the death-bed confession of one of his former associates, who, under the impulse of a late remorse, stated that the robbery had been committed by himself—that Ludovico had on the night in question been designedly drugged by some of his accomplices—his knife taken and purposely left in the room, and his shoes borrowed for the same end, of warding search or suspicion from themselves by his condemnation. By way of expiation for the diabolical villany, he secretly menaced his partners in the plot that he would reveal their names and give them up to justice, unless the money with the interest in full was forthwith restored, which in consequence was quickly done. And now that his son's good fame was established in the light of day, my father's breast was lightened of the burthen of conscious disgrace, but only to suffer the more keenly the poignancy of self-reproach for the extreme and unjust severity of his treatment; and often would he bitterly accuse himself of savage inhumanity, and madly wish that by the sacrifice of his own life he could restore his exiled son to his embrace once more. As I listened to his painful lamentations and upbraidings, I formed a scheme, which was no sooner devised than I hurried to execute, of following Ludovico to England, of finding him, as in the credulity of inexperience I doubted not readily to do, and bringing him back with me to home, to reputation, and to happiness. Knowing the opposition I would meet if I mentioned my secret, I collected as speedily as I could what money I supposed would defray my first expenses, procured this organ, and my poor little farneset, as I knew my wandering countrymen were wont to furnish themselves; and leaving a letter with a young neighbour to give when I was gone, took my way to Naples, whence I got a passage to London. My heart often died within me as I wandered through its great and busy streets, and many is the hour of sorrow and hardship I endured; but desire for Ludovico, and the hope of finding him which never failed me, carried me through all. For nearly a year I traversed England, much of Scotland and Ireland, supporting myself by grinding this poor music. I have not my brother's fine voice and skill, but the people here are for the most part indulgent, and not so delicate to please as those of Italy. But the good God guided me at last to a happy meeting with an old Neapolitan, who alone, of the hundreds whom I questioned, was able to give me any information of Ludovico, with whom he had fortunately fallen in a few months before in this very city. With that cordial confidence which one is apt to place in a fellow countryman when cast among strangers, Ludovico had made known to him all his story, adding that, having now by prudence and exertion of his talent for music—and few could touch a guitar or raise a voice like him—gathered a sufficient sum of money, he was about to return to Italy and to the neighbourhood of his native village, to apportion Bianca once more, and set on foot some inquiry to redeem, if possible, his forfeited character, and fix the guilt of the robbery upon the real offenders, whom long reflection on the circumstances had erewhile led him to suspect. Oh! how my heart thrilled and burned within me as I listened to the long-sought blissful words, and knew that in very deed I was at last upon the track of him—though the rapture of an unexpected meeting in this foreign land I was not to have—after whom I had made such a weary pilgrimage in vain. Not in vain neither. I have done what I could, and when I stand proudly amid my family once more, and receive their embraces and congratulations, say, shall I be without my reward? My daily gleanings I hoard with the eagerness of a miser: little do I spend on food or lodging: for when I think of my own dear Montanio, of those to complete whose happiness I alone am wanting, I have but one wish, one prayer—to have wherewithal to carry me to my own beautiful land again, to my father's blessing, my brother's love, my mother's and my sister's arms."

Tears of tenderness and rapture started to the eyes of the ardent and devoted youth as he thus concluded his narrative, in which the fervour and interest of truth were, as he told it, beautifully blended with much of the elevation and singularity of romance.

Further particulars respecting this generous witness to the disinterestedness and fortitude with which family and fraternal love can inspire the young, the delicate, and the undisci-

plined, my necessary limitation of space compels me to forego. I need scarcely add that I was instrumental in furnishing a supplement for his insufficient means, and I did not lose sight of the noble lad, till, with mixed emotions of buoyant anticipation, and perhaps momentarily regretful gratitude, he parted from me on his return to Italy. In imagination I often make one of the reunited family, and at times, too, indulge the hope that the chances and changes of a shifting lot may some time enable me in very deed to look on old Girardi and his spouse, Carlo and the reformed Ludovico, the fair Bianca and the faithful Francesco, and claim a return in kind—an evening spent among their gleeful rural party—for the fellow-feeling I had the good fortune to conceive for the desolation, and the part I was privileged to take in abridging the banishment of the Italian Organ Boy. J. J. M.

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

Second Article.

BOULDERS—CONTINUED.

If the dreary waste of the sandy desert, when the hot and suffocating blast sweeps over its parched surface, appears to the affrighted traveller invested with all the characters of sublimity, not less impressed with awe is the wanderer of polar regions, when, gazing on the heart-chilling magnificence of the interminable ice which surrounds him, he hears the sigh of the coming snow-storm, fraught with danger or with death. But at a time when repeated voyages and spirit-stirring narratives have rendered familiar to every one the beauties and the dangers of ice in every conceivable form of floe, of field, or of berg, and have excited sympathy for the sufferings or admiration of the daring of those who, to advance the cause of science, or to pursue for commercial purposes the mighty whale, have ventured within the precincts of that icy kingdom, it is not necessary to describe the solitary grandeur of a scene in which ice spreads like a sea beneath the feet, and rises as a mountain above the head. Not even, then, by the side of a cheerful fire, in these more temperate regions, shall we unnecessarily indulge in shudderings at the thought of distant powers of congelation, or enter further into the subject of polar picturesqueness. It is as a geological agent that we have now to contemplate ice in the various forms of fields and bergs, or of glaciers; its efficiency as a moving power being first considered. Scoresby justly denominates ice-fields "one of the wonders of the deep. They are often," he says, "met with of the diameter of twenty or thirty miles; and when in a state of such close combination that no interstice can be seen, they sometimes extend to a length of fifty, or nearly a hundred miles." The average thickness of these fields is from ten to fifteen feet, and their surface is varied by hummocks, which rise to a height of from forty to fifty feet. The weight of a piece of field ice, one mile square and thirteen feet thick, is, according to Scoresby's estimate, 11,314,284 tons; and from the difference of specific gravity between ice and sea-water, this floating mass is sufficiently buoyant to support a weight of stones or other heavy bodies equal to 1,257,142, or in round numbers one million tons.

Grand, however, as such floating fields of ice are, they are exceeded in magnificence by bergs. One of these, Scoresby relates, was one mile in circumference, fifteen hundred feet square, and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; so that, allowing for the inequalities of its surface, he considered its depth in the water seven hundred feet, its total thickness eight hundred feet, and its weight about forty-five millions of tons—an enormous mass, capable of transporting at least five millions of tons of extraneous weight. In number, too, they are as remarkable as in magnitude: above five hundred were counted by Scoresby from the mast-head at one time, of which scarcely one was less than the hull of a ship, about a hundred as high as the ship's mast, and some twice that height, or two hundred feet above the surface of the sea; hence in total thickness about sixteen hundred feet. These, then, it must be admitted, are mighty engines fitted for the transport of rocks of colossal magnitude. But in the reasonings of sound philosophy, the apparent fitness of an object to perform some particular function cannot be deemed sufficient to establish the reality of its action: further proof is necessary, either derived from analogy or from positive facts. In respect to ice-fields, the easiest of observation, it is remarkable that neither of the Captains Scoresby speaks of having noticed ex-